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THE

MONGRELITES:

OR, THE

RADICALS—SO-CALLED.

A SATIRIC POEM.

By ——

"Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong,
Fools are my themes, let Satire be my song."
Byron's English Bards.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this poem to the public, I desire to say that while my remarks respecting New England are necessarily sweeping, in the work, it is not, in reality meant to include all the natives of the Eastern States. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I refer to the Radical party only—whose hatred for the South has become chronic, and whose political actions embody every principle that can be corrupt and dishonest. This explanation is due, not only to the many thousands of good men in the East, but to many warm personal friends of mine, who are natives of New England. I would not have the former suppose that I do not believe there is an honest man in "Yankeedom," and I shall not desire the latter to think I had intended to wound their feelings. There is a saying that "when you find a good Jew, he is really a good man," and I may

say that, when you find a good Yankee, he is really a good man. I have found a few of them, and while they have never laid me under an obligation, I have found pleasure in their society, and esteem them highly. To them and others of a kindred nature my rhymes can not apply.

So far as the work is concerned, I will candidly admit that it is an imitation of Byron's celebrated Satire entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Either that or Moore's "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," I decided upon imitating, and out of two fine satiric poems I chose the best. But while I have adopted the same *measure, sound,* and *style* of "English Bards," the reader will plainly perceive that I have in but few instances *borrowed* the thoughts and words of the great poet. In fact I would not presume to be capable of borrowing the thoughts of him who is now called "England's Greatest Poet." Nor do I claim that the satire is distinguished by any remarkable evidence of poetic ability. It is true at the same time that the subject was a lamentably poor one, and enough to cause the muse to sing her very poorest song. I have, therefore, the consolation of knowing that, however poor the rhymes may be,

they adorn the subject, and give it a degree of respectability which it could never have possessed outside of the connexion.

But whatever may be said of the poetry, it will not remove the fact that the satire is *just*. The state of the South at the present time, and the course being pursued by the Federal Congress, should be enough to alarm any true lover of his country, and every such man must use the best weapon he possesses to destroy the evil, and restore constitutional liberty. I have chosen satire as my weapon, and, though it may be wielded but feebly, I cannot but hope that it will be of some use. If I only succeed in getting one of the Mongrelites angry, I will have achieved enough; for anger would be a sign of returning sense, and with its return all our political difficulties must cease.

I have endeavored to avoid personal allusions in the poem, and when I have failed in the endeavor, it has been because the parties alluded to deserved (of course, in my estimation) the personalities.

April 10th, 1866.

THE MONGRELITES.

A SATIRE.

"Time was," when in this sore distracted land,
No faction ruled, but justice held command;
When Webster spoke, or heard Calhoun declaim,
And Mind alone could win e'en transient fame;
When gazing on this land, no eye could see
One part in chains—the other scarcely free.

But all is changed, the Past is fled and gone,
The Present stands in ignorance alone;
Fanaticism rants, where wisdom spoke,
Ere Freedom's temple toppled, fell, and broke.
Ambition's voice, the demagogue's low wile,
From more ennobling objects now beguile
The mind of man; while fanatics uprear
Their leprous heads, and justice disappear.
Unchecked the notes of Faction shrilly ring,
And party feeling seeks no greater thing

Than to be still, where purer minds would praise,
Or o'er one fault a needless clamor raise.
Disclaiming aught, save for the country's good,
Yet leaves undone the very thing it should;
With oily tongue to gain the public ear—
Invoking, not its wisdom, but its fear.
These smooth-faced hypocrites, with ready tongue
Of language, from convenient falsehood wrung,
Call every act the voice of Right can name,
A rebel's measure, or a rebel's aim;
Speak glibly yet of Treason in the land,
And for its dwelling raise the willing hand;
Point to the South—ah, nothing there remains,
But desolation, graves, and clanking chains.
Oh, noble objects! noble minded men,
On with thy rancor; on, I say, again:
Of thee I sing; to thee my strains belong,
"Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

Times are changed—all times, alas, are brittle,
The great are dead—the living, less than little;
And even good sense is now below par,
(At least, it has been quite so, since the war.)
The times are changed; in other times, now gone,
A Clay, a Webster, Benton, or Calhoun,
With other minds as great, then formed the band
That cast a halo o'er their native land.

Now Yankee peddlers loyalty define
With nasal twang and hypocritic whine;
Now border-ruffians fill the benches,
And prate of rights to nigger bucks and wenches;
And both united rule the nation
In such a way as threatens sore damnation;
While e'en in Congress—take it as a rule,
The greatest statesman is the greatest fool.
Both House and Senate recollections bring,
And of the Senate, first, my muse shall sing.

All hail to Massachusetts! hail, all hail!
Mother of "isms" never known to fail;
Hail to her sons, whose fame spreads far and wide,
For skinning fleas to sell their fat and hide!
Monarch of letters! of the world the cheat!
"Hub of the Universe," thee I greet!
Hail to thy daughters, as they shrilly preach
Of woman's rights, or free-love "isms" teach;
Hail to thee all, when, with extended hand,
You greet the placid Sumner on the stand.

Inspired Sumner, man of many words!
Chief of chiefs at Senatorial boards!
Thief of the classics! claiming them his own!
Son of the "Hub"! oh, school-boy overgrown!
Who hath not stretched their necks when he arose
To fill the hall with "heaven breathing" prose,

And then inhaled (to use a figure)
A glorious odor of the nigger!
Word of words! oh, speech of many speeches!
The last in which Equality he preaches.
It was a great speech; and it proved at once,
Himself an equal of the greatest dunce.
With sparkling eye, and trembling lip he spake
Language that should have made the Southrons quake:
He spoke of Freedom—Saulsbury listened;
He spoke of Negroes—Wilson's eye glistened:
Depicted all the blessings of the first—
Asked if the negro was so much accurst
That Southerners should openly denote
Intentions not permitting Cuff to vote;
He said he cared not that poor Cuffee's sable,
He'd always find a welcome to his table;
And claimed with force, and much sobriety,
That Dinah's fitted for the best society!
At length he ceased, and as the echoes died,
His lips 'gain trembled, and he nearly cried.
As might be thought, this heartfelt emotion
Caused in the Senate much commotion.
No doubt it was a great speech, and, it meet is,
That I should state, a most exhaustive treatise;
In fact, 'twas so exhaustive in each view,
Ere done, it had exhausted hearers too.

Môst valiant Sumner! bravely has he done
His too, too dirty work at Washington:
With little learning, none but borrowed wit,
With heart for magnanimity unfit;
With thoughts that burn from all consuming hate;
With mind that nothing e'er can elevate,
Fanatic doctrines to his crew proclaims,
And Southern honor ignobly defames.
Prates much of Freedom, and of Liberty,
And yet a would-be tyrant o'er the free;
Prates magnanimity, yet is not slow
To strike a shackled and defenceless foe;
Would face a man with smiles; when, turned to part,
Assassin-like, would stab him to the heart!
"Down to the dust," he valorously cries,
"No peace till Southern freedom helpless lies;
Right, Law, Constitution, all are naught,
Till Southern pride to dust, to dust is brought."
Oh, gallant Sumner! fearlessly he stands,
Hurling his thunder, giving his commands;
And well may he securely fear disdain,
No Brooks stands o'er him with uplifted cane;
No hot, indignant Southron quickly flies
To lash the coward till he fainting lies.

Accomplished Sumner! lately sent to school
To learn the classics by the modern rule,

Studies but two weeks—so the tale relates—
He learns the Iliad, and at once translates.
Atlantic Monthly, our bard engages,
And opens wide its valuable pages;
The wondrous poem just two columns fill,
And every Greek scholar laughs to kill.
Whoe'er can read this product of a mind
Superb—majestic—after its own kind;
And fail this axiom to his memory bring:
"A little learning is a dangerous thing?"

Then, Sumner, fare thee well; yet, ere we part,
My muse would wholesome counsel fain impart:
Resign thy seat, thy speeches, and thy letters;
Leave laws and Iliads to thy betters:
Resume thy peddler's pack, 'twill better pay
Than spouting borrowed lies to fools each day;
Or, if sharp peddling suits not, then my muse
Would bid thee haste to Lynn, and cobble shoes!
'Tis honest laboring, such as, I fear,
You've not been seen at for many a year.
But if, though fitted for no other stations,
You will not accept the situations,
Still yet another course my muse can find
Best suited for your too ambitious mind:
Resign thy seat; again I say, resign;
To Iliads only let thy thoughts confine;

To Grecian damsels let thy heart confide;
With Grecian heroes evermore abide.
Translate thy Iliad o'er—prove by figures,
That Hector and Andromache both were niggers;
Learn well your Greek; and, ere you sing your song,
Read deeply, truly, perfectly, and long;
And when all great minds from the land are gone,
And you, of little ones, remain alone,
There is a chance, though not much foundation
To hope you'll be a credit to the nation.

Shades of the Past! immortal Calhoun, Clay,
Webster, McDuffie, giants of their day!
How can they rest in peace, how hold their own,
While maudlin Wilson desecrates their throne,
And dwells with rapture on the budding charms
Of bright mulattoes, or of sweet school-marms;
Or bullies men to prostitute the mind,
With grossest views that ever cursed mankind.
With eyes deep gazing on the far-off land,
Where Niger laves an Afric's burning sand,
Where nature unadorned can feast the eye,
And Lust a field of beastly acts decry;
A moral Wilson sighs those joys to share,
And clasp in arms the sable beauties there.
Not there alone; at home his eye decries
Realization in its fairest guise:

In the bright, sunny South, where blacks abound,
Miscegenation's hopes are also found.
From hut to palace, log to kitchen bench,
Are sooty barber and lascivious wench,
Eager to clasp the whites within their ready arms,
And revel in a carnival of charms.
Miscegenation! most inspired thought,
By Wilson sanctioned and by Tilton taught;
Invention rare, that promises to blend,
The white with black, and former failings mend;
An union of race, that presage good,
Which can commingle white and negro blood,
In one ennobling and exalting stream,
And weak Caucasian's drooping race redeem!

Turn now, and turn with much desired haste,
From themes that only suit degraded taste;
Let Wilson prate equality of race,
With ready tongue, and bold, unblushing face;
From minds degraded, and from thoughts debased,
From hearts whereon no line of good is traced;
Nothing but infamy and shame can spring—
Nothing but vitiated doctrines bring.
Then let him pass; and ye who deem amiss
The language used to such an one as this:
Ye who support his foul and beastly creed,
By thought, by word, by doctrine or by deed,

Go with him too—thy views at least can yield
A negro wench from Carolina field;
Go with him then, where honor scorns to trust,
And virtue finds no feeling but disgust!

Then turn to themes that have, at least, a claim
To less repulsion, though not brighter fame;
Still of the East,—where piety has been
And is now claimed, though very seldom seen—
My muse must sing, and negroes left awhile
To be corrupted by a Wilson's guile.
Harmonious Yankee! in the past, now fled,
Thy dupes and self-made foes in battle bled,
While thine the task to watch the fearful strife,
That told the rapid vanishing of life;
Thine was the task thy pockets to enrich,
While hapless corpses filled the ready ditch,
And living heroes, *then*, the power gave
Which makes *them*, now, in all save name, the slave!

Oh Honor! Honor! claimed by them alone,
And lately most emphatically shown
When Morrill paired with Wright, then failed to heed,
And venal multitudes applaud the deed.
Yet such is Honor,—such springs from the East,
In purest stream, unmixed,—to say the least—

With those old-fashioned ideas which expect
A plighted word will always find respect.
Full well in thee, oh Pilgrim Father's son,
The noble ideas of your sires run:
To make of Honor nothing but a name—
To boldly deal in infamy and shame—
Forfeit respect, self-interest to preserve,
Or shameful party machinations serve;
To scorn the purer thoughts which prompt the truth,
And merit the contempt of age and youth.
Oh, noble aspirations! fit alone
For minds like Morrill—of degraded tone:
Condemned by all, save in his native East,
Where self is most, and probity the least,
This epitaph, at last, must tell his shame,
And be the only ground-work of his fame:
"Here Morrill lies; grave reader, 'tis a fact,
He ne'er in life performed a worthy act;
To Honor false, to Probity a cheat,
His life and actions were in all things meet;
Panting for fame, he broke all decent ties,
Became Notorious, and—here he lies!"

Shall Fessenden—worthy son of Maine—
Unnoticed by the bard in peace remain;
Or shall my muse, despairing worthier foe,
A line of recognition here bestow?

Perchance ambitious of eternal fame,
He, too, a part within my verse might claim,
For only such connection e'er can save
His memory from oblivion's grave.
Odors of codfish fill the atmosphere,
Where'er this mighty Mongrelite appears;
Whether proclaiming view or private wish,
The idea plainly tells the tale of fish!—
And tells the specie,—what else could it mean
Than thine alone—O most sublime Sardine!
Yet deem it not a matter of surprise
That he from fisher's hut should thus arise;
Cast net aside, and with inspired air,
Now occupy the Senatorial chair:
Another fisher cast his net aside,
And then to higher precincts forthwith hied:
But here the simile ends, for to the past
The first bears no relation to the last.
One, with a holy purpose, fished for men,
Whose souls were straying in unchristian pen:
This modern Peter, with impatient hand,
Baits well his hooks, and fish for Southern land!

Next, slowly passes in this sage review,
Foster, presiding genius of the crew;
Connecticut beholds her son afar,
And clocks and wooden nutmegs rise o'er par!

Vermont rejoices (patent physics sell)
With much rejoicing (and unusual well)
As petty Poland takes the floor to stammer
His wretched ideas in more wretched grammar.
New Hampshire hails her sons, and fondly greets
Great Clark and Cragin rising from their seats
To take the floor,—speak precious nonsense still,
Or vote the "so-called" Freedmen's Bureau Bill!
Mighty abdomens of Cerulean hue!
To party faithful, and to Mongrels true:
Had clocks and nutmegs ne'er been made—
And, oh, had patent physics never paid;
Had Southern cotton lingered in the seed,
And factory hands ne'er learned to read,
They had not sat in Senatorial chairs,
And felt the weight of legislative cares:
They had not ruled; and, ruling, cursed the land,
Nor had I classed them with the Mongrel band.

What! another Yankee!—who is it lays claim
To win, in verse, a never-ending fame?
'Tis he! 'tis he! the massive, spacious, vague—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Shoddy! Shoddy Sprague!
Mushroom of a day's growth,—rapid flower—
Promoted from the cabin to the bower;
Disdaining now his former honest trade,
He rules with those whose shirts he lately made!

Most pussiant Sprague! but yesterday unknown,
To-day his dark obscurity is gone,
And he can *think* a good speech now and then,
And vetoes vote against with other men!

Oh! lovely Dollars! when in crowds you go,
The goddess, Fortune, lavish gifts bestow:
Will lift thy owners to the highest station,
Discarding mind and former reputation.
Almighty Greenbacks! thou alone couldst bide
The little minds not all thy wealth can hide;
And thou alone could'st raise, beyond recall,
A Sprague from weaver's loom to Senate hall.
For thee, O Sprague, Dame Fortune must have meant
A satire on the world, when she first sent,
In Peacock's garb so palpable a Daw,
To rule a people, or to compass law!
Another Crœsus hath the goddess made;
A stepping-stone to station fondly laid;
Wealth, station, both, to give she spared no pains:
That much she gave—but could not give thee brains!

Life to immortal Brown—once, in name,
Virginia hanged a rogue almost the same;
And had Missouri had him also hung—
And Henderson with him on branches swung,

The world two fools and fanatics been spared,
And poor Missouri's interests better cared.
Hail to thee, Cresswell! Maryland's delight;
Hail to thee, Harris! New York's luckless wight;
My muse would fain perform its humblest bow,
And just deserts for wondrous acts allow:
Oh! were their brains in aught than watery state
Cresswell and Harris were, without doubt, great!

"Poor Grimes is dead, that good old soul," 'tis said:
The rumor it is false—he is not dead;
In Washington he rants with silly Nye,
And seeks a plum from out the Southern pie.
No longer "good old soul," no longer "poor,"
He helps to lock the Reconstruction door,
And as fires of power warm the "old,"
Would keep the rebel Southrons in the cold.

Hail to the land of Gold!—the El Dorado!
Hail California and Nevada!
Heavens of gambling "hells" and rowdy fights,
My muse in thee most specially delights!
Fresh from the diggings, knowing how to lie
With perfect coolness, Conness comes, and Nye;
With hearts o'erflowing would strike off his fetter,
And "go" the negro twenty dollars "better."

Great Conness, when on San Francisco's height,
Nothing but roughs beheld before his sight,
And when, calm gazing on the damning crew
That met his eye, as passed in rude review;
Perchance then thought that Southern honor tends
To the same course now followed by his friends!
And as for Nye—too stupid for a thought
Save that from some "Bohemian" scribbler bought,
The Muse on him but few more words will cast,
And those will dub him "nin-com-poop" at last!

Then turn me now from great Nevada's bluffs,
From Petty Nye, and San Francisco roughs;
Turn to the broad Ohio—classic stream!
Where hogs and Hoosiers classically teem!
Oh turn, my muse, from less poetic themes,
And list, with awe, as burly Wade blasphemes,
And "tears the bark from off the Southern log"
With all the instincts of his native hog.
Sherman and Wade! oh, most precocious pair!
To Abolition hearts supremely dear;
Sherman, with sense enough to scorn the truth,
Fulfils quite well the promise of his youth;
While Wade in nobler guise full oft appears,
He lies more often, and more often swears!

Another Yankee!—Yankees everywhere
There 'where not wanted, where not wanted *there;*
If e'er on earth, by chance, to me is given,
The gift of gazing on the joys of heaven,
The sight of one within those realms of air,
Would fill my soul with awe, my heart with fear;
Oh, would he not an "ism" bring to life,
And plunge the holy sections into strife?
Yet Anthony, I deem not thou wilt e'er
Attempt to break the holy quiet there:
Linked with thy colleagues in disgraceful war;
Unfit to make—scarce knowing how to mar;
Mighty in little things—in great ones small—
Nor gods nor fiends would seek thy rise or fall;
Still on thee must Justice pass its sentence,
And leave thee but an earthly Providence!

Who, in a brilliant flood of gassy light,
Proclaims to man he has a civil right?
'Tis Trumbull, grave wiseacre of the times,
With ideas sound, and soft as vesper chimes.
Immortal "Civil Rights!" thou'rt now the law,
And all men—save the Indian and his squaw—
Are citizens of this—the very "best
Government" (as Yankees will attest).
And for the immortal founder of the bill
That Presidential veto could not kill—

What shall we say of him,—how pay the debt
Owed by Caucasian white and Afric jet?
Oh Trumbull! Trumbull! if thy fellow whites
Had but one tithe of their much boasted rights,
Thou wouldst *thy* "Civil Rights" at once obtain,
And wear a whalebone jacket for thy pain,
As patent cure for "Negro on the Brain!"

Hail Reconstruction! Great Committee, hail!
Wondrous have been its acts, and great its tale;
The famed Venetian Council of the Ten,
In secret ruling o'er their fellow men;
And French Directory, proclaiming mood,
As signs its edicts with its victim's blood;
Pale before this Committee,—sink from view,
And all their acts with lighter tints embue.
Immortal Twelve! that work alone to save
A venal party from a well-won grave,
How well in future days the world must tell
The deeds that crowned their thoughts—the rights that fell;
And tell in few words—quite correct, though small;
They came, they saw, they heard, they did—that's all.
They came—to mend a nation's broken ends:
They saw—a conquered people willing friends:

They heard—'twas words alone that truth would scout:
They did—they kept the Southern members out!

Oh, Reconstruction! how thy garb appears
When Thomas lies through every word he swears;
When Terry—scared by Pollard's keen critique,
Declares the South in loyal ideas weak;
Or when grave Fisk—ensconced in Southern home,
Believes the time for Peace has not yet come.
Oh, Reconstruction! Webster never heard
The definition of that striking word;
To Washington the author's ghost must hie,
And other ideas to the word apply;
There, mighty Webster, must thy sceptre give,
As meaning suited in the age we live:—
"To Reconstruct—to keep in twain the parts
That have been broken by New England arts:
To Reconstruct—to leave the truth behind,
And give full credence to a lying mind:
To Reconstruct—to keep in chains the brave,
And make a master of the recent slave!"

When some soft brain, by flattery cajoled,
Hath Principle and Right to party sold,
With neither scorn nor rage the world attacks,
But pities the weak mind its paltry acts;

And in that pity, with a single word,
Dubs it the Stewart of the council board.
Not so when disappointment is the bribe,
To which the world the sudden change ascribe;
Then nothing but contempt the wretch receive,
From those whom sophistry cannot deceive:
And this, O Morgan, thou at length wilt find
From every mind, save those of self-same kind.
Had Presidential patronage been thine,
Thou could'st not need of "Civil Rights" define;
Thou hadst not nullified thy former deed,
Perjured thyself, nor won, of verse, this meed.

Williams, Kirkwood, Chandler, Ramsey, Yates!
The Loyal Leaguers' heart at once elate:
A mighty union of petty minds,
Where private ends and public wrong combines;
Five zealous servants of a party clique,
Each scarcely worth a satire or critique;
As Sumner's lacqueys be they ever known,
Submissive waiters at the monarch's throne,
Speak Sumner's thoughts, and cringe at Sumner's nod—
In sooth they must, through fear of Sumner's rod!

Immortal Howard! name at once revered
By philanthropic acts to all endeared;

The earth grew dark when he was with the past,
And man believed he was the first and last.
No longer need mankind indulge such fears,
Another Howard in the world appears;
As Southern negroes' self-elected friend,
Would break their fetters, and their wants attend;
With provender would walk the famished track,
And see the white man starve, while feeds the
black!

There now remains of Senators, but few,
To end the annals of their precious crew;
Their names not worthy, and their records low,
From Indiana's Lane to maudlin Howe;
And puerile, puling Pomeroy—alike
Valiant alone when helpless foes they strike.
(Just at this point, my muse, though with much
pain,
Had brought in Kansas and her fiery Lane;
But late events have placed him in a new light,
And much impaired him as a Mongrelite;
Heed not your late companions' protest,
Stick to your new course, man, it will *pay* best.)

Then farewell, Senate, and with thee attend,
The fairest wishes of thine humble friend;

If e'er, perchance, some other pranks you play
My muse again of thee may sing its lay;
And all thy deeds, both now and then recall;
Mongrelites, Numskulls, Senate—farewell, all!

With magnanimity the brave can clasp
A former foeman's hand in friendly grasp;
They who in battle shed their blood
For Country's honor and for Country's good—
They can respect the grief of conquered foe,
And shed a pitying tear upon his woe:
What though he erred—what though his cause was wrong—
Can no respect to erring cause belong?
Are gallant deeds and sacrifices naught?
Has widespread desolation nothing brought
To slake the victor's thirst—to turn his wrath
From Vengeance' road to gentle Mercy's path?
A Porus won an Alexander's praise,
In long gone by, but unforgotten days;
A Cæsar wept from grief when he was shown
The gallant dead whom he had overthrown:
Round valiant hearts this maxim e'er entwine:
"To err is human, to forgive divine!"

But not in these more modern days is found
The chivalry of soul that heroes bound;

The faith in foeman's honor—foeman's word,
Is dead—though often uttered, often heard.
Oh, fair Columbia, in thy brightest fame,
Thy stars are darkened by a cloud of shame:
Had, when in quiet and submissive mood,
Bowed to thy will the conquered Southrons stood,
With hands extended to receive the chains—
All that to fallen Liberty remains—
Had then the gyve been cast away from sight,
And dark oppression never seen the light—
Then had'st thou brighter fame and glory wrought
Than fallen Richmond and Atlanta brought.
But thou, the daring hearts must needs oppress,
And make their waning sun of freedom less;
Less to the bursting hearts that fought thee well—
Aye, better far than verse or prose can tell!—
A brutal soldiery—a shackled press—
A licensed speech—a special law for dress;
Those hapless valor—spotless honor got;
These—only *these*—the hapless captive's lot:
To bear indignity, to smile at pain—
To feel—*not heed*—the tightening of the chain;
And they must bear, and they must smile, must feel,
The coward taunt, the—smile—the iron heel;
And they must bear, till Time shall wing its flight,
And Might succumbs to God-inspired Right!

Why more to them the Present than the Past?
The chains now worn must crumble off at last;
For fiendish tyranny will ever tend
To make the vanquished, victor in the end!

Now then to themes, less suited to awake
A solemn thought, and sombre language make—
Arise! my muse; burn bright, satiric fire!
And with the ready song, my soul inspire:
What though we feel the chains and bow the head,
And feel the weight, while on us tyrants tread?
What though they rule—does that fact make them less
The fools they are—the knaves their acts confess?
Quick then, my pen, and with thy mocking praise,
A song of satire to their actions raise!

Now for the House, most intellectual sight,
Profound, instructive, promising and bright!
Where sixth-rate minds can meet, and speak their will,
And find response from minds much lower still.
Not Wisdom here; not Moderation's voice,
Is heard to bid a nation's heart rejoice;

A mongrel crew with mongrel ideas—mix'd
With love of power, and party hate affix'd—
Rant in the hall, where wisdom once could boast
A galaxy of minds—each one a host!
Now for the House. Most intellectual feast,
Cook'd in the West, or more refin'd "down East;"
Where law is dished up on a new-made dish,
From Stevens' kettle full of negro fish!
Oh! sight deplor'd! Oh! thought that future fame
Can tell alone America's deep shame!
And blush when telling of the Present Past—
The first deep stain—Oh! may it be the last!

When some vain blacksmith, rich from selling nails,
His anvil leaves and law at once assails;
When neither mind, nor wit, support the claim,
To statesman's station and to statesman's name;
The world must laugh, and laughing, scorn the fool,
Who rants his trash, because he too can rule.
What though a mongrel party rudely thrust,
The stupid boor—unlike his nails, all rust—
Upon the body politic—to make
The laws he knows not how to keep or break;
What though these things should be—he still remains
The fool he is, nor one iota gains!

'Tis true the world may feel surprise to meet
An ass upon a legislative seat—
And yet, in times like these when men—not minds—
Are blown from garbage heaps by party winds,
Up to the highest station, there to rave
Of rights men never had and never gave—
Why feel surprise that Stevens takes his stand,
Among the foremost rulers of the land;
Why feel surprise that he should rave and rant,
And fill the hall with his eternal cant?
Immortal Stevens! his the heavy task,
To frame a bill or hoop a wooden cask!
To make a pot, or ventilate a law,
Or in a bill or screw find out a flaw!
Blacksmiths arise! forsake your honest trade,
And seek in station some much higher grade:
But yet, before for higher place you look,
First learn to read in Webster's spelling-book;
Learn just enough to sign your name, and spell
The one word "negro" perfectly and well;
Then seek in Congress some important place,
That ye with Stevens may alike disgrace;
Make yourselves head of all, and then proceed,
To thunder bombast, stainless of a deed!
Rant, rave, swear, cowardly defame the South,
And have the falsehood ready in your mouth!

Make of yourselves, like Stevens, public bawds,
Whom Virtue shuns and only Vice applauds!
Take to your hearts, like Stevens, negro wives,
And from their charms add pleasure to your lives;
Breed to yourselves a swarthy mongrel brood,
And deem the race possessing ev'ry good;
Be the low pimps of ev'ry sick'ning creed
And gild your doctrine by an equal deed:
Then can the world a decent past disown,
And hail a Vulcan on Minerva's throne!

Whom have we here—a hero? yes, a brave!
The greatest Massachusetts ever gave!
Hail Banks! Stupendous hero of the war!
Whose stainless sword and freedom from a scar,
Attest his worth, proclaim his val'rous soul,
Make him—not half a hero—but a whole!
Taylor, be silent! and at once beware
No longer Banks flies swiftly to the rear!
Alexandria! tremble in thy flames,
Though Banks no more thy fi'ry doom proclaims:
Failing to conquer thee by sword and fire,
Another course his mighty thoughts inspire!
No more the sword—no more the bloodless blade,
To wield in flight in Louisiana glade—

In legislative hall he shows his might,
And helps to grind down those he could not fight!
Tremendous Banks! Oh most ferocious chief,
Like Butler! (though not an Orleans thief)
Great Banks! Red River all thy laurels spoil'd,
When from the Southern legions thine recoil'd;
Wouldst now restore the leaves that then did fade?
Wouldst now replace the laurels that decay'd?
Resign thy seat—cease sick'ning men with words,
Whose blow falls harmless *now*, as did thy sword's;—
Draw up, at once, a telescopic view,
Of fields and foes you neither saw nor slew!
Send it to France, instead of soldiers' shoes,
And let its tale be told by Sumner's muse.
What if the thing be false? who knows it there?
(And what care you for men's opinions here?)
The French will gaze with wonder at each deed;
Napoleon from Mexico recede!
The world will stand aghast—thy fame will spread,
Where'er the view is seen and verse is read!
Grant will retire, Lee recede from sight,
And Banks remain the Hero of the fight.

The curse of dumbness Balaam's ass once broke,
And, it is said, much wisdom then he spoke;
Since that renown'd and most eventful day
The ass, 'tis said, would something more than bray!
So human asses puff'd with vain conceit,
Believe their trash with wisdom's lore replete;
And of this class, it can be truly said,
That Bingham stands pre-eminently head!

Then follows next in this most motley train
Great Kasson, man of intellectual brain.
He stands serenely on Potomac shores
A prince among the Mongrelites and ——.
O Kasson, Kasson, which for thee is meet,
To be in Congress, or in fam'd Greene street?
If unto me a judgment were referred,
On to New York, I'd bid thee, in a word.

When some old clothesmen, once from "father-
land,"
Rise from the basement to a parlor grand;
Themselves, their sons forget their ragged past,
And Congress crowns the happy change at last!
Inspir'd Dutchmen! Hail, intrepid Schenks!
And thou melodiously-tilted Jenckes!
When lager-beer and pipes the senses clear,
And sav'ry sourkrout the brains repair;

When Germany alone can furnish minds,
To make the laws of various kinds;
When Germans English learn, and understand
That here is not their beggared native land;
And that those here are free-born and free-bred,
And not the cringing serfs of some crown'd head;—
When these occur,—then Jenckes and Schenks can rule
And Southerns study Right at Dutchman's school!

Alas! that men like those shall rule a land,
Freed by the valor of a patriot band;
And that the freedom others bled to gain
Should by oppression's hand receive a stain—
That his—the Giver's—grave on soil should rest
Where fiendishness is most and wrong the best!
Rise, Washington! rise from thy grave and gaze
On how posterity thy gift repays!
Where is thy work, where is thy mighty past?—
Was it too grand—too beautiful to last?—
Thine was the mind, Oh, Father of the free!
That bow'd not at tyrannical decree,
But burst the fetters that made man a slave,
And Freedom—perfect—matchless—stainless gave!
Where is the mighty gift of thine!—behold!
The priceless gem to party power sold;—

No longer a reality—alas!
'Tis but the semblance of that which it was.
Yet why repine, for in the course of man
These things must end e'en as they first began;
Not always rank corruption fills the air,
To spread a plague and cause well-founded fear.
Dutchmen in time must all to home go back,
And Yankee peddlars e'en resume their pack;
Western ruffians and Middle State boor,
Blacksmiths and cobblers be there no more!

Not ev'ry ploughman Burn's sweet muse can find;
Not ev'ry tailor has a Johnson's mind;
Not ev'ry blacksmith rise like Antwerp's son,
To claim that merit only station won;
Not ev'ry cobbler thinks above his shoes,
Nor politics and Congress oft pursues!
But if the present state of things should stay,
And be prevailing fashion of each day,
Why, ev'ry tinker, peddlar, cobbling ass,
Will leave their trades and office seek *en masse!*
And when they do attempt the flighty deed,
God help the land, for help 'twill surely need!

Rebellion is a bad thing—treason worse,
Like o'ergrown babies, neither fit to nurse!
There is no doubt that war and cutting throats
Do not look well—except on gold-lac'd coats;

And even then the wearers often dread
The chance that turns the "blue" or "grey" to
"red."
Blood is a sickening sight to look at,
And so are dead men on a field,—and that,
From late events that happened with cold steel,
I have good reason both to know and feel!
A rebel is—a Southern—treason—same,
War at the best a most unwelcome game;
But after all these things are not the worst
That have on earth a modern nation curst.
I'd rather take a rebel by the hand,
Hear treason spoken boldly in the land,
Feel war's infernal shock convulse the ground,
See blood like water pouring from a wound,
Than hear a fanatic his views proclaim,
And prostitute the truth to selfish aim!

Oh, Pilgrim Fathers! had your steps been turn'd
To other climes, much thanks you'd now have
earn'd;
And present generation would have been
A happy race, and peace eternal seen!
Your virtues ne'er were many, and the few
Were lost in horrid vices, it is true;
Still had you virtues—and I own the facts—
Which near redeem'd your many frightful acts.

But your descendants have alone your shame,
Without a single virtue to reclaim:
Burning witches is not now in fashion—
Ducking women is not now a passion—
And that they're not, is, I'll be bound,
Because no subjects for such deeds are found!
Still in their place a thousand isms hie,
And peace and friendship with the world deny:—
The same intolerance—the same deceit—
The same dishonesty, and self-conceit!—
These, Pilgrim Fathers, have your seed preserv'd,
And God and Mammon at the same time serv'd!
I know not why my muse should be so crude,
And speak of pious souls in tone so rude;
It may be that in most rebellious mood,
In them the muse can really see no good.
But on the other hand, the cause may be—
(That 'tis the cause, no doubt, they'll plainly see)—
That her grandfather's father did not stand
The first on Plymouth Rock to bless the land!
In fact, as well as I can now recall,
That ancient father was not there at all!
And—Oh! undoubted sign of virtue lacked—
My muse was never sorry of that fact!

Yet not for me to dwell on themes like these,
Of the same make is West as Eastern cheese!
Much maggots there, and nearly all mildew'd,
The joint production of the same dark brood!
Some good, of course, is found among the mass,
And not by these my name in silence pass.
I own it, Cowan, in thy heart and mind
No place a paltry act or thought can find;
And thou too, Seymour—Dixon—thine are deeds,
Which from a pure and lofty mind proceeds;
And thou, Doolittle, though a party foe,
Hast show'd thy worth, and I this praise bestow.
Alas! that these are but chance gems that light,
A clique whose deeds are fit alone for night!
Oh! that ten thousand minds like theirs could rise,
And teach that justice in its fairest guise,
Alone can make a nation free and great,
And leave Caucasians master of the State!
When such arise, then will the land behold
A freedom which can never more be sold;
And laws not made to suit the rulers' mood,
But for the ruled and for the country's good.

Alas! the hope is feeble, that is near
The time when Freedom shall once more appear;

The Past is gone, and will it no more come?—
Shall fall America as once fell Rome?—
"Tagrags and bobtails" in the place of men,
Rule o'er us now, and shall they rule again?
Oh! feeble hope which still a ray imparts,
And gives the only cheer that fills our hearts!
In thee it burns, O Johnson! use thy strength,
That vice might fall, and virtue rule at length!
Cast out the wrong, and in its place the right,
That peace on troubled waters may alight.
Why hesitate, when Sumner's crew proclaims,
'Neath sugar'd words their mean and dastard aims?
From off the would-be tyrants tear the mask—
Strike—though thyself shouldst perish in the task!
I know thou hast the will—then find the way!
I know thou hast the mind—why quiet stay?—
Remove the scourge that burdens down the land,
And next to Washington in men's mind stand;
And though thy name be of plebeian tone
'Twill have more fame than nobler ones have known.

Why shall the bard such thoughts as these express?
Back to the House!—no more from it digress!
There's food enough for verse to pass its time
Without digressing from satiric rhyme.

Sharp is the voice, and actions quick denote
Van Aernum as he clamors for a vote;
And proves how puppy dogs, by barking loud,
May e'en attract attention from a crowd!
But though the cur the mastiff should pretend,
The nobler brute detects him in the end;
For, bark as loud and often as he will,
The petty puppy dog it leaves him still!
And when in time to come his desert meets,
Be kick'd as just reward for present feats!

Long life to Morrill! fam'd for tariff bills,
Suiting the interests of his native hills!
And makes the country pay a double price
For ev'rything—from pills to wooden spice!
Or with protection for his syren song
Claims that to native products help belong;
Protects himself, his section and its purse,
And leaves the North, the West, the South, to curse
At Yankee swindle and at Eastern greed,
That robs their pockets so avarice might feed!
On import duties and its ways a prince,
Knowing all things—from calico to quince;
Urges the law that helps Vermont to clear
Ninety per cent. on all we eat and wear!

Sees that the bill no needful feature lacks,
Taxes the land—himself its greatest tax!

When Dodge in state of patriotic grace,
In legislative halls would seek a place;
He saw that success was a doubtful thing,
Unless some candidate 'gainst Brooks could bring,
And, by dividing Democrats at last,
Gain plural number of the votes cast.
This was done, and to carry out the plan,
He just two thousand dollars paid his man;
The election o'er he hastes success to greet,
Alas! for human hopes, smart Dodge was beat!
Not satisfied with this he next appears
In Congress claimant of a Brook's arm-chair;
And when a shameful deed sent Brooks about
He then *dodged* in, to be, next fall, Dodge—out!

As for the rest of this precocious house,
Why shall the muse their names from slumber rouse?
Each to the best a prototype of Naught,
By Nothing nurtur'd, and from Nothing brought!
Why waste the ink, or wear out a steel pen
On such slow dullards as are all these men?
For if I did, and they my verses read,
Not one would understand what I had said;

Perchance would fondly deem the muse had sent
As token of respect, a compliment!
Till Sumner, who hath roved in Poesy's grove—
(And when in there did nothing else than rove)
Enlightens them, and makes them comprehend
That praise like mine to damning features tend!
Let them pass! let Julian have his talk;
And bragging, swearing, lying, drinking, stalk!
Not all his threats can scare the Southern mind
That was not daunted at a fiercer kind;
Let the low wretch to country boors declaim,
And teach them how the Southern pride to tame;
We scorn the fool, and care not for a tongue,
Whose words must fall unlisten'd and unsung;
And, like their owner, live obscurely small,
Unthought, unnoticed, and uncared by all!

Then let them pass, and let the whole, dark throng,
Remain in Nothingness, where they belong:
From Hooper, Hotchkiss, Ingersoll, and Sloan,
To Moulton, Myers, Benjamin, and Loan!
From Yankee peddlers of nutmeg and tape—
From Northern donkey unto Western ape!
What if they talk? why, parrots chatter too,
And chatter greater sense than all the crew!
What if they act—ye gods, the actions veil,
Nor tell to man the most disgraceful tale!

When Western men can Eastern teach to lie,
And Northern dupes New England cant defy,—
When South Carolina Maine receives in arms,
And negro intellect the Southron charms;—
When the Potomac meets the Rio Grande,
And Texas mud unites with Vermont sand!
When all the world is topsy-turvy turned,
And Yankees have a name for honor earned—
Then will these men, and all their deeds, be sung,
And in Fame's temple high their names be hung!
'Till then the muse must by them silent pass,
Nor stoop to sing so deeply low a class?

Now marches forth a dauntless hero band,
With pen and ink, and manuscript in hand;
At War's dread gulf they stood upon the brink,
And rushed to battle, shedding "seas of ink!"
No faltering with them—serenely calm,
They wrote their "leaders" or they sung a psalm!
And in the first sent Southrons to the devil—
Then in the other pray their souls from evil!
No faltering with them—they held their ground,
'Till rebel South their power and might had found;
Nor were these heroes ever known to fizzle,
From paper balls or any kindred missile!

Brevier and Nonpareil the pathway strew,
As issue forth the journalistic crew;

A motley crowd—a very motley crowd,
A motley gathering of a motley herd!
There Greeley, Forney, Tilton, Dana, move,
Each to the one a friendly, loving cove!
The others must be nameless, though the throng
Of scribblers is numerically strong:
Nor is this strange, for buzzards will be found
In numbers, where a carcass lies on ground!
And then, besides, where quality is not,
To fill the vacuum, quantity is got!
The only pity is that all combined
Can not make up a mediocre mind!

Yet still revolve this most notorious four—
The rest I must call Nothing—nothing more—
The shining lights and stars of Mongrelism—
(The stars were more in numbers but a schism
Of recent date, caused a collision,
And has resulted in a sad division.)
These four are now supreme—they only rule
The sage expounders of the Mongrel school:
Greeley, the Bloodhound, making all the stir,
Dana, the Wolf; Forney, the Mongrel Cur!
On loaves and fishes Dana keeps an eye,
While Forney swears to Greeley's grossest lie!
Tilton becomes an union of all,—
Wolf—bloodhound—cur—he answers to each call!

The others are subordinates, as 'twere,
Though all of spoils receive an ample share!

Most learned Greeley! Vermont's favorite son!
Where are the laurels that his deeds have won?
Perched in the Tribune, 'tween two column rules,
The scorn of wisdom and the joy of fools!
While he so blind, the foolscap fondly deems
A crown, Ambition promised—in his dreams!
Close in his sanctum this inspired star,
With jackall Forney bravely wages war;
Once every day the wordy battle's fought—
Once every day more foolscap must be wrought!
Regardless of the cost, much ink is shed,
Newspaper wasted, and his poor dupes bled!
Each trenchant leader to the world proclaims,
The Mongrel's ideas and the Mongrel's aims;
Black are the themes to which its language tend,
From Universal Suffrage to the end—
Proves all he writes, nor one proof heedless pass,
And proves himself an universal Ass!

Immortal Greeley! Giant of the North!
To worship negroes by Vermont spawned forth
Chief of the Mongrel tribes! he bravely fights,
The battles of the blacks against the whites;

And solemnly declares the time is gone,
When the Caucasian race can rule alone!
No longer whites to rule, nor, whites to be—
This the gigantic scribblers' stern decree;
And Forney, Tilton, Dana, catch his words,
And waft them 'mong applauding Mongrel herds!
His the great mind that scribbling thunder hurls,
Until it echoes through astounded worlds!—
His the great voice that rends the affrighted air,
And *almost* fills the Southern heart with fear!—
His the great soul that welcomes to his breast
The burly negro—as a place of rest!
And so absorbed in Cuffee and his ills,
That nothing but the black his column fills!
His thoughts are negroes—singly or in crowds,
'Till turned to darkest hue are Tribune clouds!
Not e'en his white coat can relieve the gloom,
In potent sanctum and composing room!
While so that naught of his the hue shall lack,
Printing House Square becomes a perfect black!
In fact, surroundings are so dark and drear
That even Hades would seem a gas-light near.
So black is every thought, and word, and deed,
They mankind but to one impression lead:
That he must be—as Sambo claims his heart—
Though not all negro, yet of one a part!

Light be my pen! Chicago claims the muse,
And thou my verse wilt not the claim refuse!
Another scribbler and another scribe,
Hurls 'gainst the South a diatribe;
Dana appears! the wolf of Mongrelites!
With heart as shameless as the trash he writes!
Not much to him are negro weal and woe,
Unless their advocacy gifts bestow.
The warm supporter of all things that pay,
He struts, the Mongrel scribbler of the day;
Attacking President with all the rest,
Because no place his abject begging blest!
But had New York's Collectorship been his,
He ne'er had written 'gainst—trash as it is—
And negroes, Mongrelites and Greeley been
No more the staff on which his fortune lean.
If now the President would have him still,
And change his course to pand'ring to his will,
But one small office will effect the change,
And Dana soon from Greeley's views estrange!
Or if the South could think him worth the buying,
'T would spare the world much writing and more lying;—
O, that some Southern loving native land
Would seal his lips and stay his ink-stain'd hand!
Offer a bribe and, as he quick responds,
Reward his silence with—Confederate bonds!

And now comes Forney "D.D." lately dubb'd,
When he by presidential act was snubb'd,
And, as a "dead duck," to the world then shown,
Besides the Mongrel cur already known!
In press and chronicle alike—the same
Stranger to decent thought, unknown to shame!
The snarling puppy of a dastard clique,
With lies as bold as sophistry is weak!
Oh! had he lived and wrote in other times,
When Byron's pen composed the damning rhymes,
Another Clarke been sung in English bards,
And Forney won the satire that rewards!

Say, shall the muse return again to themes
Her purer heart and mind as shameful deems;
Shall Tilton and Miscegenation rise,
To urge a course that virtue must despise?
While Tilton sympathetically meets,
And Afric's daughters, with a flush'd cheek greets;
When, harden'd to all decent thoughts and ties,
His ardent soul to sick'ning doctrine flies,
And 'neath a specious argument debase
The blood that course the veins of Saxon race—
Not here such themes the shrinking bard resume,
To rob the maiden's cheek of modest bloom!
No! let him write unsung and others read
That lust expectant might on promise feed!

Perchance some negro wench he yet will find
Whose thoughts and virtues are so low a kind,
That—quite forgetting all the South hath taught
To her—to smile on him at length be brought,
And 'neath the sweet confiding name of wife
Reward the present labors of his life!

Bless'd Philanthropy! that can rouse the heart,
And make a world its office and its mart!
To it affliction looks for ease from pain,
And captives seek it to remove the chain.
O blessed gift! by ev'ry knave abus'd;
To serve designing minds too often us'd!
Not much have late events upheld its fame
By those who wear its guise and bear its name.
Still 'neath its title men and women come
From public hustings or from private home;
Denouncing right and wrong at one fell swoop!
The first a knave—the other—simply dupe!
But not of men the bard would sing her song,
To gentler beings must the verse belong!
The beauteous dames, discarding dress and balls,
To philanthropic deed the world recalls;
Forgetting modesty to gain the end,
From parlor to the lecture-room descend;

Shriek their shrill notes that country boors might
gape,
And try if something of them they can make!

Soft be the song, and gentle be the muse
That sing a virgin giving man her views!
Loud be the plaudits, listening the ear,
When gushing things of two score years appear,
And tremulously speak—each pretty dear!
And art thou not a gushing thing, fair maid—
Are not thy words like gushing waters said?—
Yes, gentle Anna! thine the heart that scorns,
The private home thy sex so oft adorns:—
Not thine to knit a stocking for thy niece,
Nor lull the fretful teething babe to peace;
Far, far beyond thy petticoats must fly,
The thoughts that burn within—well cotton's
high!
'Tis thine, fair Anna, to lift up thy voice,
That "niggers in the woodpile" may rejoice,
And with Miss Kelly teach again the creed,
That gives to Sambo freedom's proper meed!
'Tis thine to make a public speech, and rise
Above roast-beef, French soups, and apple-pies!
Thine, scouting corset, seek to wear a shirt,
And manly breeches substitute for skirt!

Thou'rt sent, O woman! to be man's pleasure,
His dearest joy—his priceless earthly treasure,
If this terrestrial realm had not known thee,
The Lord alone can tell where we would be!
Thou art a necessary—one so great
That on thy being rests our earthly fate;
Our smallest act in life—our greatest one,
Glooms with thy cloud, and brightens with thy sun!
If then fair woman as a whole is dear,
What had we done if Anna was not here
To teach great Freedom's ideas, and to speak
In stern defence of the enslav'd and weak?
America would be naught—Boston less,
And Philadelphia in sore distress:
All had been dark as Afric's sable son,
And Abolition war had ne'er begun!
O joy tumultuous! O happy hour!
When earthly gods displayed their mighty pow'r,
And sent Miss Anna to redeem the world,
With brain quite full, and ringlets freshly curl'd!
Still be my pen! what sound comes with the wind,
Leaving a plaintive echo fair behind,
Of tin pans or shrill treble? 'tis the same,
The muse must not be captious o'er a name—
They are her voice, with shouts at what is said,
From country bumpkin and from country maid,

Mingled with clapping of the hands by those,
Who, more refin'd, a gentler method chose.
Kettle and pantaloon!—bonnet and vest!
Old maids and negroes!—here the bard must rest;
The task is too severe, and I know it—
But, bless your soul, Sir, don't she "go it?!"

Most modest Anna! you are great, I own;
Modesty and greatness—both—you have shown;
But yet, fair damsel, listen to a friend,
You've said enough, pray, give us now the end!
"Too much of one thing stinks"—so I have heard—
You are getting quite offensive—on my word!
Cease speaking then, and do, my dear, go home,
The blacks are free, no more among them roam!
Quit politics and for a few years look,
Into your bible and your prayer-book!
A theme for contemplation there you'll find,
Well suited to compose your frantic mind!
Yet, if in pride you haughtily refuse,
To heed the council of the courteous muse;
If, (though, God knows, I hope you can be still)
Your talking mania ne'er can find its fill,
Do this:—and doing still win lasting fame—
Straight to the altar and there change thy name!

(A happy lord he'll be, I expect, yours)
And change your speeches into curtain lectures!
In this—a scope without rapacity—
You'll find for feminine capacity!

Hail to the cabin! where in peace repose
Old Uncle Tom in most refreshing doze!
Where tender Harriet with benignant smile
Stands just outside and gazes on the while,
Till quite o'ercome by Uncle Tom's loud snore,
Takes Eva by the hand, and leaves the door!
Devoted to naught else than to reposing sweet,
Or plenteous fare with native gusto eat;
The aged slave groans within his galling chains,
And Mrs. Stowe reports at once his pains!
Sheds o'er his life a splendid tint of gold,
And all the wrongs of slavery unfold!

Shrinking from fear, a thousand married men
Behold their better halves take up the pen,
To write a call for females of the land,
To rise, and for their sacred rights take stand!
But not the married only dread the deed,
Expectant bachelors the movement heed.
Each budding miss from forty to sixteen,
No more on them for rights and promise lean;
But rush before the world, with frantic mind—
Screech out their wants, and weak responses find!

From Miss Downeaster, with her voice quite shocking,
To Miss Northwester, rolling up her stocking!
The blooming maids move on, as ever wont,
Behind the Madams who compose the front;
And Mistress Susan makes the head of all
The gentle throng that for our breeches call!
High are their hopes, and may success attend
Their holy efforts to a proper end!
Give them the suffrage that they seek so hard,
That they might canvass in each legal ward!
And when a wish for office I denote,
Fair Susan, do pray let me have your vote!

To two old dames, and then my muse will cease,
And leave the gentler sex to rave in peace.
Hail to Judge Kelly! man of such strange make,
That for an ancient dame my muse must take,
And think, 'twould likely end their joint distress
If he and Anna were to exchange dress!
One thing is known—at least, 'tis said to be—
That he is Anna, and that Anna's he!
At all events, they certainly are part
Of each others' beings, in mind and heart;
Whether he writes her speeches, or does not,
No one, as certain fact, hath ever got—

But not to Anna shall the bard incline,
With Kelly only shall my verses shine:
It is his speeches we delight to hear,
Solid as mud, and just about as clear!
Dished up together in one motley mass,
Are borrowed trash of every kind and class;
The whole a combination that can find,
In this wide world no equal in mankind!
While old Dame Kelly, greatest trash of all,
Admires himself, as all his whimsies fall,
In style that suit a *nymph du pave's* lewd mouth,
While he the blacks exalt, and curse the South!

Another female of the Kelly sex,
Looms into sight, and much the world perplex:
"The South victorious,"—the fertile text—
And people wonder what the deuce comes next!
Oft have inspired dames befooled the weak,
And taught the wrong where right was all they seek;
Johanna Southcote claimed a holy birth,
Till female infant quite dispelled her worth;
But Wendell Phillips—pregnant with the views
That damn the world, and damning deed pursues;
Scorning to disappoint expectant throngs,
To whom the coming Saviour sole belongs—

Labors full hard, in agony quite wild,
To bear the anxious crowd a negro child!
And then declare the sable babe's a god,
The sweetest one that ever saw the sod!
Oh that he could, with kindred dames be sent,
Where all his theories with acts are blent,
And in a black hospital find a place,
That he in most congenial mind can grace!

As for the rest, who swarm in South and North,
Not here must be pronounced their public worth;
Some other bard, scarce knowing what to write,
Must lift their thoughts and actions into light.
Till then, let Loyal Leaguers negroes scrub,
And witty Spencer educate his club!
Let vulgar Brownlow, with unyielding lung,
Splutter his Billingsgate from filthy tongue;
And lying Hill in Georgia declaim,
Or sneaking Botts Virginia defame:
They're but the leavings, and, as fit reward,
A Victor Hugo would declare them—*merde!*

Then to the world my humble lay I send,
Fearing no foe, and injuring no friend;
Nor will I one word from my verses move,
And by retraction arrant coward prove!
"What's writ is writ," and no regret will e'er
Cause pain or sorrow for what's written here:

Oft has the warm blood rush'd up to my cheek,
And thoughts which Might alone forbade me speak,
Rose to my mind, when sneers, and threats, were hurled,
'Gainst *her*—whose deeds have lighted up a world;
Oft have I seen a guard, with sable hand,
Tear from his garb the mark that told his land,
And left the conquered Southron to bewail,
The fate that placed him in so low a scale.
I've felt the rankle of the chain so long,
That from the very usage have grown strong;
And now can hurl, with scorn, the sneer for sneer,
Indifferent to results—without a care;
With nothing but contempt for those I write,
From Sumner to the lowest Mongrelite!
Nor shall my name in silence e'er be masked,
'Tis free to all—whenever it is asked;
Howe'er untutored be the song I sing,
The bard, at least, no abject fear will bring!
But, as in satire, fearless of the horde,
Will dare, in deed, what has been said in word!

The end has come, and hushed the song must be,
If it be wrong, let honest men decree;
When Yankee scribblers sneer at Bulwer's style,
And the same critics Byron's verse defile,

How shall my humble work expect to 'scape
The censure of each literary rape?
No! sooner Sumner be the Southron's friend,
Than such astounding luck my muse attend.
But let them criticise, and vent their rage,
From petty scribe to journalistic sage;
The bard—impervious to paper ball,
Laughs at critique, and scorns the critics all!

Too many battles have I faced, to care—
Too many leaden bullets cut through air;
With their infernal whistle, all around—
Aye, more—and stretched me senseless on the ground!—
For me to now grow coward, and to shrink
At cream-laid paper, with its pen and ink!
The time is past when critics clamor down,
And truth—however crudely spoken—drown;
Then let my song a candid public find,
To be adjudged by every candid mind;
That future ages may declare the song,
Either deserving, or a flagrant wrong!

THE

MONGRELITES:

OR,

THE RADICALS—SO-CALLED.

A Satiric Poem.

BY ——

Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong,
Fools are my themes, let Satire be my song.
Byron's English Bards.

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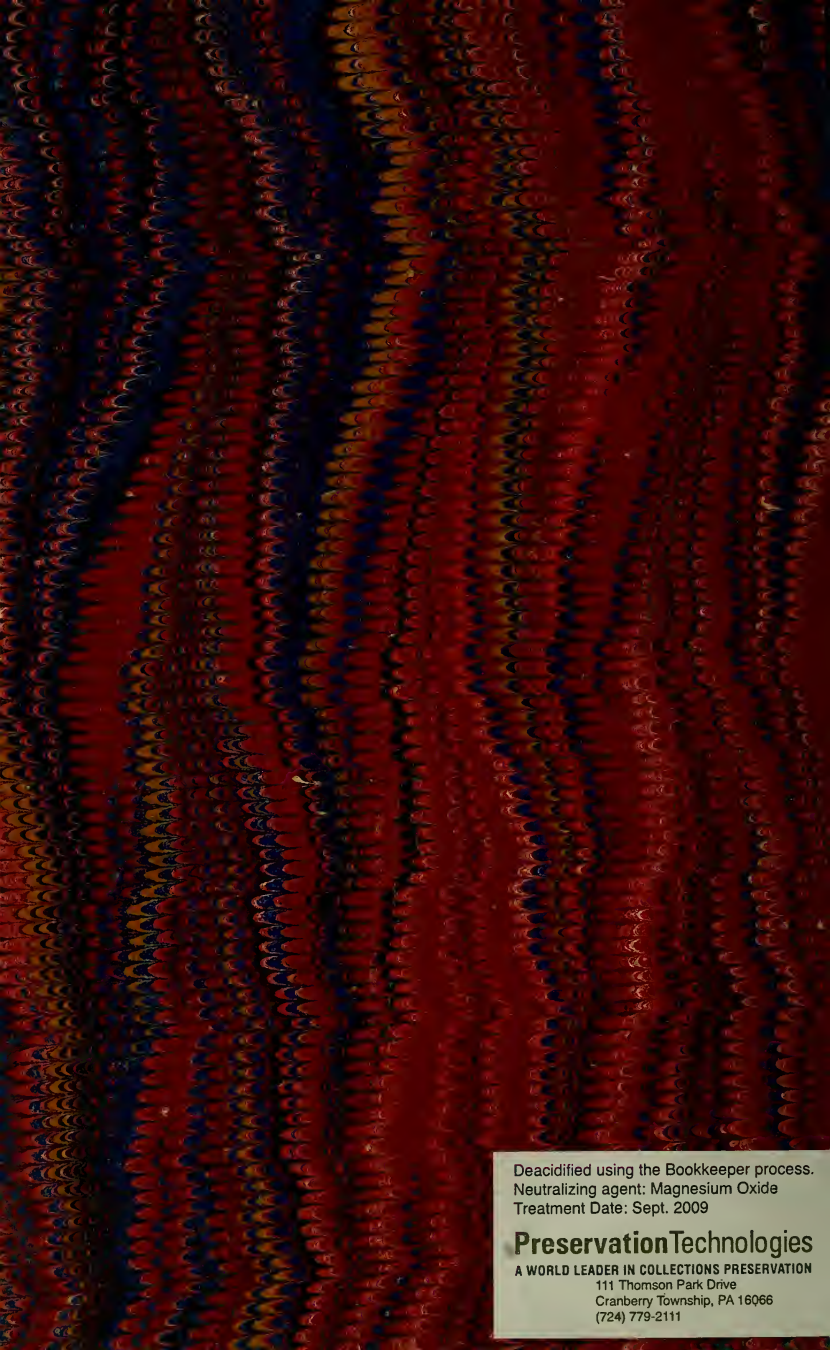

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